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J. A. MITCHELL.

BLOOD WILL TELL.

Miss Albion, (on a visit here): SO OUR GREAT GRANDFATHERS WERE BROTHERS? INDEED, I DID NOT THINK YOU HAD SUCH THINGS OVER HERE AS GREAT GRANDFATHERS.

Mr. Y. Doodle: WELL, YOU SEE, I WAS SO ANXIOUS TO CLAIM RELATIONSHIP WITH YOU, THAT I LOOKED THE OLD GENTLEMEN UP.

Miss A.: AND WHAT DID YOU FIND?

Mr. Y. D.: I FOUND THEY WERE GREEN GROCERS.



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ONE by one are the military traditions of our country ruthlessly shattered by the iconoclastic spirit which seems to have fastened its phantasmagoric fingers upon our very natures. Following close upon the degrading of our esteemed fellow townsman Mr. Cesnola from a brilliant Generality to a dull Particularity, another one of our already few military heroes is torn from our ranks.

Colonel Mapleson, it transpires, is nothing more than a high-private.

Where will all this end?

* * *

CHARITY begins at home, and Charity Balls begin when the gathering should be on their way thither rather than just commencing to trip the light fantastic toe. But then as charity covereth a multitude of sins, so must we permit the Charity Ball to cover a multitude of social absurdities among the least of which we may not account the custom of opening the Ball late and closing it early.

To dance for sweet charity's sake is indeed a privilege—and one too which the success of last week's social event shows is appreciated. The glittering floor of the Metropolitan Opera House held a brilliant gathering and that brilliancy shone all the more resplendent because of the laudable object in view. Aside from the pleasures of her first appearance in the social world the *debutante* may feel that by the very fact of her pleasure some little one has been made better, and some sick life has been made brighter.

The Charity Ball is one that should be kept rolling!

* * *

HITHERTO dazzled, perhaps by the lustre of Mr. Cleveland's administration, our present Governor Mr. Hill, has been rarely seen or heard. Now, however, he has greatness thrust upon him which we hope he will bear with credit to himself.

He should not, however, endeavor, as we are informed is his intention, to retain his former position as Lieutenant Governor along with that of Governor.

Aside from the fact that such a course would be more wor-

thy of a politician than a statesman, Mr. Hill should bear in mind the fate of the man who tried to sit upon the two stools.

The future alone can show whether the Governor is to be a mountain or a mole-hill.

* * *

THE words of Hamlet, "Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us," are particularly timely for the citizens of New York just at present.

* * *

THE Chicago Girl's foot is one of the standard properties of the American humorist, but it seems to us that it must give way in importance as it does in size to the Chicago man's cheek.

The conductors of the nondescript sheet of the birthplace of Mrs. O'Leary's cow, who seem to thoroughly understand the art of appropriating what does not belong to them without offering credit of any kind therefor can best appreciate the force of our remark.

We refrain from using the small and one syllabled word which is generally used by English speaking people to describe operations of this sort.

It will not take much of an imagination to supply it.

* * *

SINCE they have shown such an appreciation of the cover and general make-up of LIFE we feel that our hats, overcoats and umbrellas are much more likely to remain our own property than if the office of the sheet aforesaid were a little nearer ours.

* * *

MAYOR LOW, we are given to understand, complains that the Brooklyn Bridge does not pay.

This shows a most reprehensible partiality on the part of the Bridge Trustees. We, who use the bridge occasionally, have to pay for the privilege, but the bridge itself, which goes across with a frequency which amounts to permanency, is a deadhead.

This is not justice!

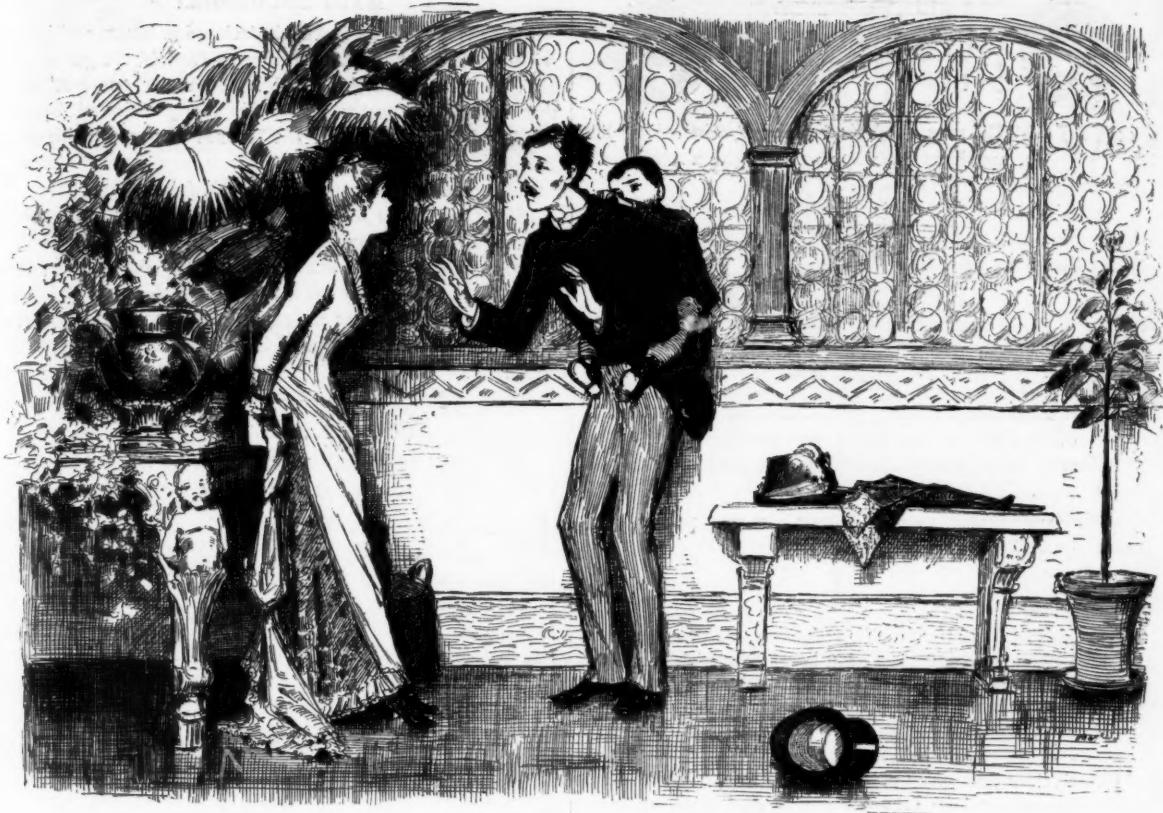
* * *

HOW do the so-called "rats" in the Sun office affiliate with that cat?

* * *

M. THOMAS M. NICHOL comments upon the unhealthy condition of Finances.

It is unfortunately true that finances are very low this season. Many of them have found the air here so unhealthy that nothing short of a Canadian trip could recoup them, and things are really so blue that a twenty-five cent Finance is regarded with all the affection formerly bestowed upon the eighty-nine cent dollar.



THE POWER OF LOVE.

She: Why, Mr. Dehypner! You must not let Freddy make such a nuisance of himself.

Mr. D. (who has always detested children, and is painfully particular about his dress): Not a bit of a nuisance! We are having a gorgeous time. Hey, Freddy?

Gasps for breath and prances off up the stairs again.

LINES,

Written on a fly-leaf of H. C. Bunner's "Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere."

YE gentle airs, so sweetly blown
From Arcady and other places,
Telling of fields of hay new-mown,
Of leafy lanes with sun-lit spaces,
Of loving hearts and dimpled faces,
Of hurried kisses—long embraces,
Of tangled curls and tumbled laces—
Of every careless joy that's known!
Breathe soft, with blossom-freighted wings,
On young and old, on slaves and kings;
And while our minstrel picks the strings,
Whisper the notes he sweetly sings—

Ye gentle airs.

H. L. SATTERLEE,

MRS. SPRIGGINS INDIGNANT.

MRS. SPRIGGINS, although a constant reader of the newspapers, is apt to skim lightly over the headlines, leaving the continuation of the articles largely to her imagination.

In reading the *Times* a few days since she saw the line,

REDUCING POTTERS' WAGES,

whereupon she became very angry, and talked poor Spriggins half to death, because "them church syndicants was so almighty mean to that poor old Bishop!"

THE barber's most appropriate present—a meerschaum.
[This is a joke. Meerschaum is the German for sea-foam.—*Boston Globe*. Meerschaum? Pooh! [This is another joke. [Mere sham-poo.]

A GIRL, at least, may smile and smile and be a-willin',



"WORTH" says the Boston *Budget*, "is making his wraps in such a way that they give a slender effect to the figure."

This is good news. It is the general impression that Worth has a sweet little way of giving a rather larger effect to the figure than most pocket-books can stand.

* * *

POPE LEO is afraid to sit alone at dinner because he is superstitious about XIII at table!

* * *

THE most heart rending post-Christmas wail was that of the Fashion Item writer who remarked: "There is nothing new in stockings this year."

* * *

A CONTEMPORARY asks "What Is Zero?" The answer is inevitable— "O, nothing."

* * *

A GENTLEMAN of an investigating turn of mind has written an essay upon what breaks the Irish heart.

It seems singular that so important an article as the shilalah is entirely omitted.

* * *

THE eider duck does not, Dr. Sundstrom, of Stockholm, has ascertained, take her young during the summer into the ocean, as is so generally supposed, but remains with them among the islands on the coast.

This seems to confirm the statement that the shrinkage in incomes so prevalent in New York, is really general throughout the world and that the summer hotel business is as bad around Stockholm as along the Jersey coast.

* * *

SEVENTEEN thousand packs of playing cards were burned in Ohio last week.

Up to the hour of going to press no boy who stood on the burning deck has been reported.

* * *

COL. OLIVER PAYNE, son of Senator-Oilect Payne, of Ohio, is said to be ambitious for an important post under Mr. Cleveland's Administration.

It is, undoubtedly, a sort of kerosene lamp-post that Mr. Payne is after.

* * *

THE *Times* is, on most occasions, a most concise exponent of the English language, and for this reason we beg to ask its esteemed conductors why they speak of a man as a "dishonest Probate Judge?"

Why could they not simply dub him a "Re-Probate Judge," thereby saving both time and type?

HAIL COLUMBIA!

M R. WHITTIER has lately declared in letters and interviews published in the *Boston Herald*, the genial Dr. Holmes to be "Montaigne and Bacon under one hat," and that Longfellow poetry "combines the qualities of Byron, Shelley and Goethe;" and Dr. Holmes has said in his new life of Emerson that his Threnody is superior to Milton's Lycidas, and at least equal to Shelley's Adonais.

Briefly, we are told that the Massachusetts men excel Bacon, Montaigne, Cowper, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Milton and Goethe. In short, see them, and go 'em one better. May we not respectfully ask if that "Great Bird of our Country" really does out-soar the eagles of France and Germany, and out-roar the British lion in the department of public literature?

POCKET BIOGRAPHIES.

THOMAS DEWITT TALMAGE.

Born in New Jersey in 1832.

D R. TALMAGE is the clown of the ecclesiastical arena, and wherever he is there is a circus. His delivery of a sermon resembles the antics of a monkey on a stick, and he seeks to attract a man with a soul to be saved by means akin to those used by the intelligent keeper of a Dime Museum. But before the awful presence of Dr. Talmage the greatest living curiosity of all and every Dime Museum, must pale its ineffectual fires and steal away silent and ashamed.

HENRY JAMES.

Born in New York in 1843.

M R. James is an international novelist of accidental American birth. He wrote "The Europeans" from observation, but he evolved "The American" from his inner consciousness. He is the original of Mr. Hale's "Man Without a Country." It is wished that somebody would sharpen his "point of view"—and then stick it into him.

MRS. VICTORIA MOROSINI-SCHELLING-HUYLSKAMP.

Born in New York in 1864.

M RS. Victoria Morosini-Schelling-Huylskamp acted on the advertiser's advice and made a safety match, which she struck only on the box. With this she lighted the Hymenial altar. In regard to her complex name only one remark may be hazarded. Now that she has taken to singing, she is Mme. Huylskamp and it is the public which is Schelling—out its dollars to look at her.

CHARLES A. DANA.

Born in New Hampshire in 1819.

M R. DANA is the editor of the *New York Sun*, which, like the little bootblack, shines for all, although Mr. Dana is not always as careful as his youthful rival in the selection of his blacking, or of the most appropriate place for its application.



GLIMPSES OF HEAVEN. No. 1.

THE OUTER GATES.



THE REAL MAQUIS DE LOUISVILLE.

[None other Genuine.]

A BRAVE MAN GONE.

MR. TWIGG, like other men, had suffered more or less all his life from the peculiar disregard exhibited by ladies in our crowded streets for the rights and feelings of other pedestrians and vehicles.

Perhaps it was because he was rather stout, and old, and had the gout; perhaps it was only because he was a bachelor; at any rate he often got mad about these little accidents, and pondered over schemes of retaliation and revenge.

The following heroic plan at last suggested itself to him:

One afternoon a few days before Christmas, an unusually stout laboring man appeared on the corner of Broadway and Ninth street. He was dressed in blue over-alls and a tattered felt hat, and puffed rather nervously at a short clay pipe. His costume was plentifully bespattered with lime and mortar and his face and hands also bore ample evidence of his calling. On his shoulder he carried a long and heavy beam with great splinters sticking out from its edges. It was Mr. Twigg in disguise.

He smiled ironically at a policeman across the way, for he was a man of humor and he knew that he ought to be arrested; then he pulled down the brim of his hat and started up Broadway. His eyes were fixed stolidly on the ground just in front of his feet, and the course of the beam was a straight line. "Wood has n't much more feeling than a woman, and

it's harder" suggested Mr. Twigg to himself as the first obstacle went down before it.

Then a very old lady and her near-sighted, middle-aged daughter drew near. The old lady's eyes were cast upon the lowly sidewalk, and the daughter's double convex lenses sought the zenith. As they always ran into everything coming in an opposite direction they ran into the beam. Mr. Twigg heard a cry of anguish and pressed forward with a lighter step. The beam collided next with an Irish girl, who was plunging uncertainly forward with her centre of gravity far in advance of her feet. She was hurled into the gutter.

Then a haughty lady of fashion, who saw it coming but thought it would have to get out of her way like everything else, went down before it and Mr. Twigg almost shouted with delight. Then he knocked over an Italian organ-grinder's wife, with a child and a tin cup in her arms, and reached Fourteenth street simultaneously.

He stopped for a minute to get his breath, then started down Fourteenth street for the corner of Sixth avenue. His blood was up, and he was going to beard the lion in his den. Down across Fifth avenue the beam ploughed its triumphant way. A delicious exhilarating sense of power tingled through the veins of Mr. Twigg. Every woman in that vast throng, rich or proud, selfish or careless, got out of his way or was knocked out of it. He saw the corner of Sixth avenue ahead, and settled the beam on his shoulder for the final effort. Into the surging sea of excited female faces he plunged. The beam struck with fearful force against soft human flesh—but he realized with sudden horror that his progress was growing slower. Intoxicated by the sight of an endless panorama of dolls in the window, the women had lost all sense of pain. They closed around him on all sides. The beam was held as in a vice by a dense mass of humanity. Mr. Twigg was trodden upon—an elbow struck him in the side—the point of an umbrella hit him in the face. Exhausted, wounded and heartbroken, he let the beam slip from his shoulder. It fell upon his already bruised foot—his eyes rolled in an agony of anguish—and he sank to the ground.

There was a rumor that Lohengrin and the real stuffed swan was coming around in the panorama again, and the doubly excited crowd closed over him.

SUB ROSA.

A KISS is Cupid's self,
Made drunk with dewy roses.
Wee thief of horrid pelf!
A kiss is Cupid's self,
What time the weary elf
His wings in slumber closes.
A kiss is Cupid's self,
Made drunk with dewy roses!

C. H. L.

A FOUR-IN-HAND—Four aces,

SOCIAL TORTURES NO. 6.

IT is said that in these milder, if not degenerate days, the Freshman, on coming up to college, is treated with the greatest politeness and consideration. Whether the Sophomores ask the younger gentlemen to afternoon tea in their æsthetic studies to gossip over the abolition of foot-ball and the latest actress, we are not informed, but it is certain that the modern Freshman is not deluged with water from fifth-story windows, nor compelled to purchase expensive cigars and other things to drink for large crowds, as in the days of yore. It may be that the new way is the better; certainly all fond parents must think so, for it is not pleasant to think that your rosy-cheeked boy is being tossed in a blanket by ruffians or pelted with anthracite coal by brutes.

In the bad old days there was a Monday night, the first of

enact the part of "Captain Jack in the Lava Beds; an Incident of the Modoc War," to place his head under the hearth rug and scratch for rats, or to jump and catch with his teeth a piece of rope fixed to the wall, this last called "browsing" by the delicate humorists.

All the while the poor chap is burning for revenge and wishing that he had resisted, remembering the dark story of the Freshman who shot an invading Sophomore, and who was known as "Murderer" ever after.

After this gymnastic and dramatic performance, the torturers take their victim to the beer-cellars hard by the college-yard, where he is graciously permitted to regale them with many beers and with beautiful nickel-plated cigars of great price. One of the Sophomores boasts that he has a bureau-drawer full of these costly regalias, all called from "Umty-six," while another protests that he has not drunk beer except



A SHARP RAP AT THE DOOR,

the term called "Bloody Monday," a dreadful evening set apart for rushing, pounding and knocking the conceit out of Freshmen. This conceit, by the way, must have been annually knocked out of the Freshmen and into the Sophomores, for it was never noticed by shrewd observers that the latter were conspicuously modest.

After this night, the Freshman felt less conceited, perhaps, but more nervous. As he sat before his fire, reading his morrow's lesson by his lamp, for the moment forming the picture which the maternal eye was making of him, his heart would leap into his throat at the shuffle of feet outside, followed by a sharp rap at the door. Arising from his seat, laying down his book, he admits the brutal throng. They seat themselves here and there, gaze contemptuously at the room and its occupant, and blow dense clouds of smoke from their huge pipes and not too fragrant cigars.

"Freshy," amid brutal jeers, is made to stand upon a chair and chant the "Tabular View," to get into his bath-tub and

at the expense of a "— Umty-six" man for several days. Desperate brigands are these Sophomores, full of strange oaths and mysterious allusions to secret societies and diabolic mischief. There is an unholy lack of reverence about them, and a reckless abandon as they sing:

"Here's a cheer for Umty-five,
She's the jolliest class alive,
Full of every sort of jollity and fun."

Full of jollity and fun indeed! Of course they are, but the poor Umty-six man who is paying for their jollity and is the butt of their fun, how does he enjoy it?

Many of us were Freshmen once and remember; those who have not been, may form some idea by undergoing a cross-examination by a brow-beating attorney, or by paying visit a to the dentist.

"DOING" the scales—giving short weight.

• LIFE •



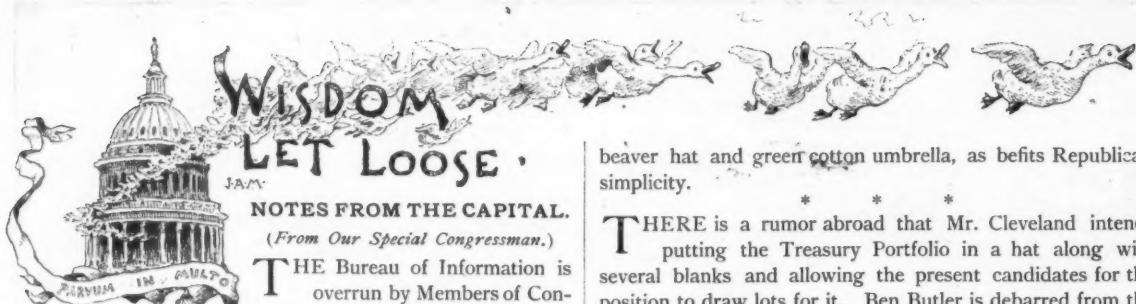
SEASONABLE PLEA
DUDLEY MASHAM TAKES A FEW FRIENDS

LIFE .



ABLE PLEASURES.

ES A FEW FRIENDS FOR A "QUIET TURN."



NOTES FROM THE CAPITAL.
(From Our Special Congressman.)

THE Bureau of Information is overrun by Members of Congress who desire to know in what part of Africa Nicaragua is situated.

* * *

A CARLOAD of candidates for the Speakership arrived in town last evening from Ohio.

* * *

HON. RICHELIEU ROBINSON, of Brooklyn, arrived at the Poor House this morning where he intends to remain during the session. The Congressman says that he found the walking good except in New Jersey, where the inhabitants have a constitutional disliking for the simplicity of the tramp. Mr. Robinson states that he intends drawing up a bill compelling Cleveland to be inaugurated in an old white

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

LECTURE IX.—FALLS AND FRACTURES.

BEFORE giving a few simple rules for the treatment of persons injured by falling down, I will explain the way in which such accidents generally occur.

Falls are of many different sorts—there are in fact, about two hundred separate styles, not counting Niagara Falls or any kind of cataracts. However, they may all be classified under two great divisions: the "flip" and "flop." The first includes plunges and trip-ups. For example: You sometimes see a pedestrian suddenly dive forward and press his hat-brim against the sidewalk as if he was trying his best to look through one of the cracks between the flag-stones. This is a "flip."

When a man "flops," he merely attempts to kick his forehead with both feet at once, and incidentally sits down on the cold, cold stones. One in this position should first find out whether it was earthquake or not, and then quickly arise and borrow a pin from the nearest bystander. Pins are sometimes exceedingly useful.

If a man is really badly injured by a fall—fractured skull or anything of a serious nature—procure immediate medical assistance and *do n't* try to get an ambulance. To order an ambulance you have to get some one who can find a policeman who can examine the patient and, if he deems it necessary, then go to a signal-box and send a call to a hospital that has only one ambulance which is down at the Battery.

beaver hat and green cotton umbrella, as befits Republican simplicity.

* * *

THREE is a rumor abroad that Mr. Cleveland intends putting the Treasury Portfolio in a hat along with several blanks and allowing the present candidates for the position to draw lots for it. Ben Butler is debarred from the contest because Mr. Cleveland fears that he can see around the brim of the hat, owing to the peculiarity of his celebrated optic, and know which slip to take. Furthermore he is somewhat fearful lest Mr. B. should not be content with the Portfolio but would walk off with the Treasury itself in the bargain.

* * *

SENATOR VEST has been making himself conspicuous by his uncompromising opposition to the unspoken speeches in the *Congressional Record*. Members of Congress who have found printers and proof-readers of inestimable value in convincing their constituents that they are roaring orators are getting up a memorial in regard to Mr. Vest, requesting his constituents to pull him down.

I once knew a man who fell and broke his leg, and an ambulance was sent for immediately. His limb was set, and after months of careful nursing he was convalescent and could walk on crutches. The first thing that that conscientious fellow did was to stump down the avenue in order to meet the ambulance half way and tell the surgeon it was not needed, thus sparing the ambulance gong much unnecessary fatigue. His effort was needless, however—the ambulance had n't started for him yet, and he had the extra trouble of writing them by post to countermand the order.

If you see a man fall in the street, always do as follows:

1. Never offer to help him up, but grin and say jocularly: "Guess you dropped something, did n't you?"
2. If he tells you he is "all broke up" never try to mend matters by putting any glue on him. Recipients of kindness are proverbially ungrateful, and he would probably be so "stuck up," he would n't speak to you.

3. Should you slip on a fruit-skin and fall, in order to prevent paralysis of the vocal cords and relieve the feelings, pronounce a series of vocal sounds, thus: "Amn at anana eel!" This affords immediate though temporary relief.

4. Always remember that there is a difference between a man's leg and a bank. There is generally a run on a bank after it's "broken"; but after a man's leg is broken it's impossible to run on it.

CARLSBAD.

"Now your talk has the true ring," said the girl to her lover, when he began to speak of a diamond circlet.

PERPETUAL MOTION—To adjourn.

AVE ATQUE VALE.

K NOCK 'EM STIFF was our pet crank, the pride of boarding-house B.; and being a drummer he went off every week, generally with a bang. Last week he exploded. This is how it happened, as reported by one of the remnants:

THE CHARGE OF ADULTERATION.

"Half a cup, half a cup,
"Half a cup onward,"
Thus at the breakfast
Old Knock 'em Stiff thundered.
"Forward the Alum bread!
"Slice it up thin!" he said.
All were as still as death—
Boarders a hundred.

"Forward the alum bread!"
Some grinned at what he said,
Some thought he'd blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to eat and die,
Noble one hundred!

Old maid to right of him,
Small boy to left of him,
Hostess in front of him,
Looked wild and wondered.
What on earth ails the maid?
Why is the boy afraid?
"When shall burnt peas
"From this coffee be sundered?"

"Sugar of white terrene,
"Pickles of copper green,
"Oleomargarine!"—
Then each the fun heard.
Boldly he spoke and well,
Jaws like the mouth of hell,
When they were sundered.

Old maid to right of him,
Small boy to left of him,
Hostess in front of him,
Volleyed and thundered;
Right through their lines, he broke,
Boarders knew 't was no joke.
Cheap clerk and dudelet
Reeled from his awful stroke
Shattered and sundered.
Then they came back, but not,
Not the whole hundred.

Many the bills they paid,
O, the wild charges made!
The landlady pondered.
Honor the break they made!
Honor old Knock 'em Stiff!
One of a hundred!



FRANCESCA DA RIMINI.

M R. LAWRENCE BARRETT'S rendering of Lanciotto is a scholarly and impressive piece of acting. The bitterness, the love, and the headstrong, passionate, repentant anger of the hunchback Duke are portrayed with a rare force and intelligence.

Of Mr. Barrett's position as an artist there is little question, and every year seems to bring improvement. His sincerity and earnestness are in themselves a most refreshing element.

THE play is a good one; well constructed, clean cut, and interesting from the very outset. The dialogue is forcible and to the point. Of mirth there is no dearth.

The acting throughout is better than we were prepared for and Miss Marie Wainwright as Francesca, Mr. Louis James as Pepe the fool, and Mr. Mosley as Paola, do much toward the success of the piece. We must say, however, that the voice and accent of Guido, Lord of Ravenna, are more suggestive of the pastures of Vermont than the vineyards of Italy.

FOR the bloodthirsty there is a rich treat in store as the curtain goes down on two murdered lovers and a suicide. Mr. Barrett is the suicide. Thus are the four principal actors disposed of, Mr. James having been strangled in a previous scene.

* * *

NOTES.

VICTOR DURAND, at Wallack's, has proved to be as thoroughly successful as any play produced at that theatre since the opening. It is booked for a long run.

Messrs. Harrigan and Hart bob up serenely once more at



YOUR NAME? YOUR ADDRESS?

YES, BUT—

NOT A WORD! IT IS FORBIDDEN TO BATHE IN THIS LAKE AND I AM NOT HERE TO LISTEN TO EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES.—*From La Caricature.*

the New Park Theatre with another one of their inimitable farces. Their recent loss, whatever its effect may have been upon their pockets, does not seem to have effected their spirits in the slightest degree.

Of the Ristori restoration it can hardly be said that it was a success. The great actress has lost much of her old time fire while her support was more of the kind calculated to excite ridicule than inspire respect. It is to be hoped that Madame Ristori will not repeat her experiment in New York.

The so-called "Absurdities" have broken out with increased virulence. Mr. Mestayer with his troupe at the Fifth Avenue Theatre and the Rice Troupe at the Comedy can do more nothing in a given space of time than is allotted to most men and women. These affairs may be admirable as mirth provokers but it speaks ill for the dramatic tastes of the city that they should draw larger audiences—and their proprietors draw larger cheques—than the more worthy performances of which it may be said that they are more numerous than dollars.

Love on Crutches is still running at Daly's to appreciative audiences, and the management are to be congratulated upon the sprightliness of their performances, in which it is difficult to find any serious defect.

We feel that a word of sympathy with Mr. Daly in his recent bereavement will not be considered out of place here. His loss is one which rarely falls to any man, but in his affliction there remains to him the comforting assurance

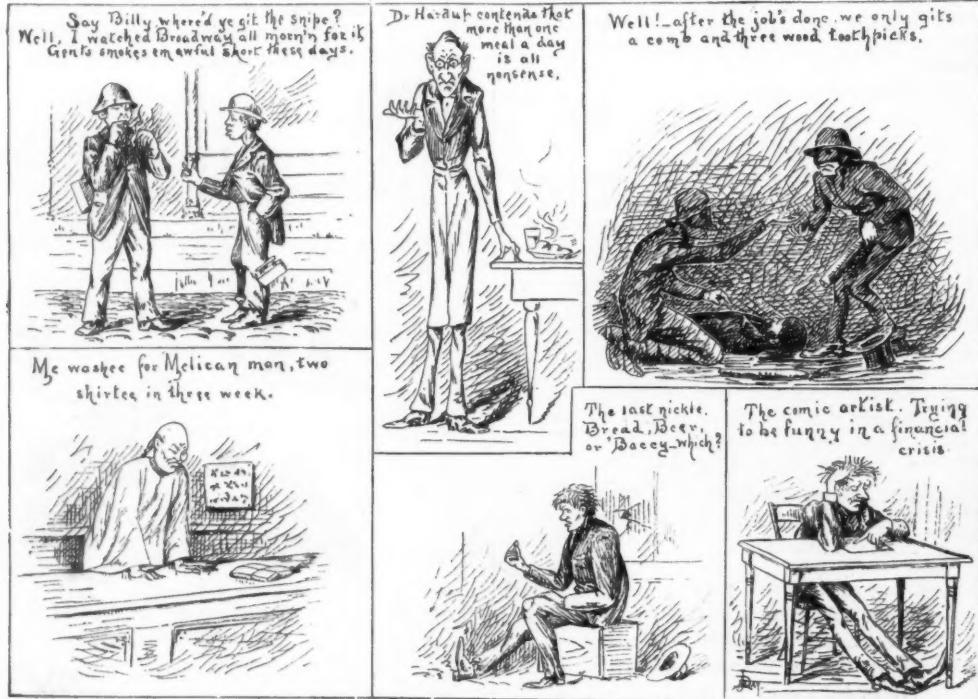
that he has the sympathy of countless friends, not only those who have known him intimately but the many whose troubles he has done so much to lighten.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W M. M. EV-RTS: Yes, your ex-ness, the propinquity of your opportunity is exceedingly propinquitous. You are just the man for a long term in the Senate. Lengthitude of Language, Lankitude of Limb, and Legal Luminousness generally are the best of qualifications for senatorial honors, but it is a pity you couldn't have gone in the Roman Senate when you were young. Your's is just the figure for a toga!

The Cat, Sun Office: We congratulate you upon your succession to the position recently occupied by the lamented Mr. Dana, whose untimely disappearance, in November last, excited the most appalling suspicion against one Butler, with whom he was last seen. The *Sun*, we doubt not, will become more amusing now that you are there, but never give way to your feelings, pussy, and above all, beware of the Tabbies of the Tall Tower.

Mr. Otis Skinner, Daly's Theatre:—Yes, your imitation of Mr. Irving is good enough to make the audience see what you are doing. But why mar an otherwise perfect performance by adopting the most painful of another actor's mannerisms? It is out of place and not half so funny as Mr. Dixey's effort.



SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
 Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
 Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
 Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

FACIAL DEVELOPMENT.



I will mail to you a code of rules whereby any one (who is thin-faced and thin-necked) can, in a very short time, develop the muscles of the face and neck, and have a plump and rosy, and also fill out the neck, for the sum of 50 cents. If you had rather have 50 cents than plump, rosy cheeks and a full neck, don't take any notice of this.

PROF. D. L. DOWD,
 Home School for Physical Culture,
 19 East Fourteenth Street, New York City.

PIERRE FROHLICH

LADIES' TAILOR,

586 Sixth Avenue, Bet. 34th & 35th Streets, New York.
 RIDING HABITS AND COSTUMES A SPECIALTY.

Having made Ladies' Tailoring and Riding Habits a specialty for several years with leading houses in London, Paris, Vienna and New York, I respectfully solicit a share of patronage with assurance that I can give satisfaction.



FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR
 AND
CLOTH OF GOLD CIGARETTES.
 Always Fresh, Clean and Sweet.
 Our Cigarettes were never so fine now, they cannot be surpassed for purity and excellence. Only the purest rice paper used.
 13 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED.
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 THE  SHIRT
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MURRAY'S
 CHARCOAL TABLETS
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 While seeking for a dainty bite
 Stepped in a trap that even he,
 With keenest eyesight, failed to see.
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 With one leg less—to tell the tale.
 Soon neighbors came from far and near,
 To sympathize and shed a tear—
 Then left him lone, in solitude,
 To do whatever best he could.
 But when the last was out of sight
 He held his sides and laughed outright—
 A laugh with scorn and triumph in it,
 That broke the stillness for a minute.
 Then placing on his smiling face,
 His spectacles from out their case,
 He read and read and read again,
 The sweetest words of tongue or pen,
 This POLICY—and then he blest
 Himself for knowing what was best,
 When he had thought to be INSURED
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 A friend when most he needed one,
 When ev'ry other friend was gone.

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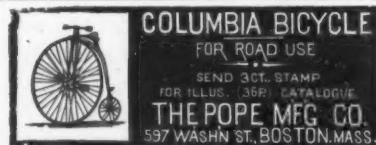
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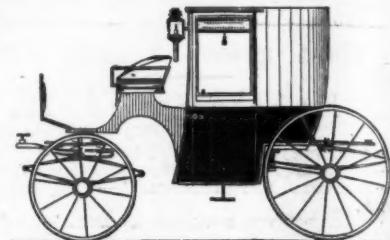
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